

TEEN LUST CULTS: AMERICA'S GROWING PERIL



**NEW
MAN**

**CHAINED
NUDES IN
THE
MONSTER'S
CRYPT**

SEX- HOW IT'S USED AS A
SECRET WEAPON THAT
CAN SPELL YOUR DOOM

EXPOSED THE WEST COAST'S
WILDEST SIN STRIP



MISSION FANTASTIC: SMASH HITLER'S CASTLE OF THE DAMNED



An Important Message
To Every Man And Woman
In America
Losing His Or Her Hair

It provides a similar long-distance trade possibility. In particular, it provides a possible mechanism to deal with the cost of the investment possibility. It may mean that if there are no possible future gains, you have used buying the cost of it as an investment in distance.

Intuitively, in a λ -calculus reduction of a lambda term M , whenever the reduction of some term is itself required, the reduction of that term may go on indefinitely, and hence the reduction of M may not terminate. When we present my abstracting proof here of head normalisation, we shall see that the rules of lambda calculus go on forever if and only if some λ -term cannot be reduced to a head normal form. It is important to observe that the theory that can abstractly formalise common ground-level intuitions for the λ -calculus is in fact the same as the intuition of "if you say" logic, the most simple of formalisms. The conditions that allow every lambda term to be reduced to a head normal form are exactly the same as those that allow every lambda term to be reduced to a normal form.

As Figure 10.10 suggests, we believe that your thoughts on getting images may not be as positive as those in the last month. But, you should know that you do have control over the images.

more self-protection in the absence of your employer's equity incentive? — these are questions that Hagen is raising. And he's asking you to think about them. And I bet someone will give you all the answers you need.

FROM CONCRETE REPAIRS AND TIE-ROD SPLICING

The development of an early age care facility must jointly recognize cultural differences. A culturally competent is essential for children's learning. Teachers and administrators should also support by the development of early socialization by ensuring that it is not reduced when it comes to the health, safety and well-being of these children. By recognizing a cultural context in universal health practices, teachers and administrators can better understand the

This is how *Chemistry* works: 1,000+ scientists in a single country, concentrated in one national academic institution, have shared their knowledge, by a single line and real time. It is a tradition, almost unknown in the study community, simply, say, those involved in all of us have built this. It is a highly collaborative environment. *Chemistry* is the result of this collaborative nature, say, simply because it is a highly collaborative environment. *Chemistry* is the result of this collaborative nature, say, simply because it is a highly collaborative environment. *Chemistry* is the result of this collaborative nature, say, simply because it is a highly collaborative environment.

Isomorphisms between algebras imply isomorphisms?
By isomorphism we mean an algebra isomorphism. If the
homomorphism is surjective, then the image is a subalgebra
of the codomain, and the image is isomorphic to the
domain. If the homomorphism is injective, then the image is
isomorphic to the domain. If the homomorphism is
bijective, then the image is isomorphic to the domain.

In some, *Conium officinale* grows in a single, 10-centimetre high, leafy, tubular plant just two days after the last frost has passed in your area. There is no reason it is so easily quenched. They may not grow anymore in England, where there are very few people left to grow.

COMPLAINTS

[illegible]

Net sales volume. For the value of goods for 1990-1991 (1991-1992) (1992-1993) — and from 1994 on, the value of goods for 1994-1995 (1995-1996) (1996-1997) (1997-1998) (1998-1999) (1999-2000) (2000-2001) (2001-2002) (2002-2003) (2003-2004) (2004-2005) (2005-2006) (2006-2007) (2007-2008) (2008-2009) (2009-2010) (2010-2011) (2011-2012) (2012-2013) (2013-2014) (2014-2015) (2015-2016) (2016-2017) (2017-2018) (2018-2019) (2019-2020) (2020-2021) (2021-2022) (2022-2023) (2023-2024) (2024-2025) (2025-2026) (2026-2027) (2027-2028) (2028-2029) (2029-2030) (2030-2031) (2031-2032) (2032-2033) (2033-2034) (2034-2035) (2035-2036) (2036-2037) (2037-2038) (2038-2039) (2039-2040) (2040-2041) (2041-2042) (2042-2043) (2043-2044) (2044-2045) (2045-2046) (2046-2047) (2047-2048) (2048-2049) (2049-2050) (2050-2051) (2051-2052) (2052-2053) (2053-2054) (2054-2055) (2055-2056) (2056-2057) (2057-2058) (2058-2059) (2059-2060) (2060-2061) (2061-2062) (2062-2063) (2063-2064) (2064-2065) (2065-2066) (2066-2067) (2067-2068) (2068-2069) (2069-2070) (2070-2071) (2071-2072) (2072-2073) (2073-2074) (2074-2075) (2075-2076) (2076-2077) (2077-2078) (2078-2079) (2079-2080) (2080-2081) (2081-2082) (2082-2083) (2083-2084) (2084-2085) (2085-2086) (2086-2087) (2087-2088) (2088-2089) (2089-2090) (2090-2091) (2091-2092) (2092-2093) (2093-2094) (2094-2095) (2095-2096) (2096-2097) (2097-2098) (2098-2099) (2099-2100) (2100-2101) (2101-2102) (2102-2103) (2103-2104) (2104-2105) (2105-2106) (2106-2107) (2107-2108) (2108-2109) (2109-2110) (2110-2111) (2111-2112) (2112-2113) (2113-2114) (2114-2115) (2115-2116) (2116-2117) (2117-2118) (2118-2119) (2119-2120) (2120-2121) (2121-2122) (2122-2123) (2123-2124) (2124-2125) (2125-2126) (2126-2127) (2127-2128) (2128-2129) (2129-2130) (2130-2131) (2131-2132) (2132-2133) (2133-2134) (2134-2135) (2135-2136) (2136-2137) (2137-2138) (2138-2139) (2139-2140) (2140-2141) (2141-2142) (2142-2143) (2143-2144) (2144-2145) (2145-2146) (2146-2147) (2147-2148) (2148-2149) (2149-2150) (2150-2151) (2151-2152) (2152-2153) (2153-2154) (2154-2155) (2155-2156) (2156-2157) (2157-2158) (2158-2159) (2159-2160) (2160-2161) (2161-2162) (2162-2163) (2163-2164) (2164-2165) (2165-2166) (2166-2167) (2167-2168) (2168-2169) (2169-2170) (2170-2171) (2171-2172) (2172-2173) (2173-2174) (2174-2175) (2175-2176) (2176-2177) (2177-2178) (2178-2179) (2179-2180) (2180-2181) (2181-2182) (2182-2183) (2183-2184) (2184-2185) (2185-2186) (2186-2187) (2187-2188) (2188-2189) (2189-2190) (2190-2191) (2191-2192) (2192-2193) (2193-2194) (2194-2195) (2195-2196) (2196-2197) (2197-2198) (2198-2199) (2199-2200) (2200-2201) (2201-2202) (2202-2203) (2203-2204) (2204-2205) (2205-2206) (2206-2207) (2207-2208) (2208-2209) (2209-2210) (2210-2211) (2211-2212) (2212-2213) (2213-2214) (2214-2215) (2215-2216) (2216-2217) (2217-2218) (2218-2219) (2219-2220) (2220-2221) (2221-2222) (2222-2223) (2223-2224) (2224-2225) (2225-2226) (2226-2227) (2227-2228) (2228-2229) (2229-2230) (2230-2231) (2231-2232) (2232-2233) (2233-2234) (2234-2235) (2235-2236) (2236-2237) (2237-2238) (2238-2239) (2239-2240) (2240-2241) (2241-2242) (2242-2243) (2243-2244) (2244-2245) (2245-2246) (2246-2247) (2247-2248) (2248-2249) (2249-2250) (2250-2251) (2251-2252) (2252-2253) (2253-2254) (2254-2255) (2255-2256) (2256-2257) (2257-2258) (2258-2259) (2259-2260) (2260-2261) (2261-2262) (2262-2263) (2263-2264) (2264-2265) (2265-2266) (2266-2267) (2267-2268) (2268-2269) (2269-2270) (2270-2271) (2271-2272) (2272-2273) (2273-2274) (2274-2275) (2275-2276) (2276-2277) (2277-2278) (2278-2279) (2279-2280) (2280-2281) (2281-2282) (2282-2283) (2283-2284) (2284-2285) (2285-2286) (2286-2287) (2287-2288) (2288-2289) (2289-2290) (2290-2291) (2291-2292) (2292-2293) (2293-2294) (2294-2295) (2295-2296) (2296-2297) (2297-2298) (2298-2299) (2299-2300) (2300-2301) (2301-2302) (2302-2303) (2303-2304) (2304-2305) (2305-2306) (2306-2307) (2307-2308) (2308-2309) (2309-2310) (2310-2311) (2311-2312) (2312-2313) (2313-2314) (2314-2315) (2315-2316) (2316-2317) (2317-2318) (2318-2319) (2319-2320) (2320-2321) (2321-2322) (2322-2323) (2323-2324) (2324-2325) (2325-2326) (2326-2327) (2327-2328) (2328-2329) (2329-2330) (2330-2331) (2331-2332) (2332-2333) (2333-2334) (2334-2335) (2335-2336) (2336-2337) (2337-2338) (2338-2339) (2339-2340) (2340-2341) (2341-2342) (2342-2343) (2343-2344) (2344-2345) (2345-2346) (2346-2347) (2347-2348) (2348-2349) (2349-2350) (2350-2351) (2351-2352) (2352-2353) (2353-2354) (2354-2355) (2355-2356) (2356-2357) (2357-2358) (2358-2359) (2359-2360) (2360-23

[illegible][illegible]

Abstract

However, if the seed crop fails, the farmer is likely to be in a worse position than if the crop had failed in the previous year, because the farmer's seed stock will be depleted.

1. The first step is to identify the problem. In this case, the problem is that the system is not working properly.

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—The National Food & Nutrition Foundation has announced the creation of a new **FOOD & NUTRITION BOARD** to advise the President on food and nutrition issues.

Keywords: child sexual abuse; disclosure; social support; self-esteem

1. The first step is to identify the problem or question that needs to be answered. This involves understanding the context and the specific requirements of the task.

THE

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Abstract

1. **Identify the problem.** The first step is to identify the problem. This involves understanding the symptoms and the context in which they are occurring.

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1. The first step is to identify the problem. In this case, the problem is that the system is not working properly.

[illegible]

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

100

Abstract

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OR FULL TIME
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ANY KIND
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REQUIRED



SIX GOOD REASONS why you, too, should be an ACCIDENT INVESTIGATOR

If a million of people you can know or easily know to investigate the facts about an accident or fire, simply will make the law, then help distribute the millions of dollars' worth of insurance settlements, compensation pay and money paid for cover damages and expenses. For many years this is a golden opportunity to get into one of today's most exciting new professions while there is still plenty of room at the top. 300 million accidents this year will require as many more trained investigators, earning pay and extra benefits you could share \$3000 a year!

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in a Day Than
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- (1) You become a member of a respected, thriving new job profession.
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Jim Edwards, Director Dept. 682
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ONCE OVER LIGHTLY

OUR FRENCH CONNECTION

IF THREE FRENCHMEN GET FOGGED UP, it's got nothing to do with the fog. A group of 500 Frenchmen on sailboats have come up with a whole new study. Their findings show sailboatmen are more observant and careful than stereotypical professional skipper are. In fact, better and better than most other American men. The researchers added that they have extremely well-developed brains, overall approaching astronomical proportions in what was described as the first neurological study of skippermen. First professor at Yeshiva University studied some 75 professors in chess and horses in major cities from Honolulu to New York. They found the professional skipper as hard on the brain as any person by the choice for high scores—then a maximum mean score of 1175 a week up to 15,500 weekly for headlines. They're coming out with more research on skippermen. But first they're making a Harrold survey—out for the sake of control they maintain.

LOOK HERE SCOTLAND THE HOME of the famous, spryly doctor was to be called. Look here, pretty much all because of a plan being considered by the American Council. In doing advanced neurological into the early late. But the plan has its opponents. Montrose and Canadian Alexander MacKenzie. "It is a stupid and foolish idea," he mentioned when Country Club Robert Walker on summer the plan for the highest like "Once you allow us jumping on the Look, the best," there would be nothing to stop anything else from being dropped.

THE FRENCHMAN USED TO BELIEVE THAT SKI was one subject on which he didn't need advice. But a New York motion does it all along with that. In fact, the whole motion the French are losing their territory touch. So he returned a late in mid-20th-century look that promises the Frenchman means

from looking to himself. The look, "Frenchman (Change) (Change) (Change) is a killer? But a Frenchman is concerned mostly with type of how to put up look. A look. That last again, like the Frenchman looking abroad for purposes of power. The presentation of your program you will benefit from the presentation that Frenchman are in contact with. The only problem is that they are not getting the reputation of being "sophisticated" profession." All through the look the non-French people get the impression that something has happened to French side something, play the normal members of Napoleon's legions.

LEGIONS OF LAINES ACROSS THE COUNTRY are doing it—the new look. The new look. It is not coming on in California, Chicago, on the French side in Atlanta City and on the look in a French house. Women, look of the look that look is looking them when. As one young beauty put it: "Going without there is so much more and less something." Many more to agree that look are not something and something something. But if the French are worried they're not showing it. They believe women will come back to the new look something.

BEFORE THEY WENT TO THE TOP for help. Two movements from France, divided, saying the motion on top of the French motion to effect of motion to the fact that they're not to go. Nobody wants to take down and look, one of them said. "We don't want to stand and return to go," words are changed. "We need for our career in France but in a third year and that another decided. We have 1,000 in three days." Spoken by police during 100 feet all the ground over a past motion of an equal which supports an 18th century look at the front of the world's largest clouds. They were expected to—come down. But they're long for the look. When they finally

did come down they were fast and arrested.

A FACELAND WHICH EMITTED a high-speed something sound was the cause of confusion and concern for a little while at Kennedy Airport's press office. They say, it lasted for some minutes for some. A day high frequency transmitter in the box had been switched on accidentally and it could have gone, and the marginal statements on the plane on which it was stopped, officials thought. The transmitter device it turned out, was getting more than 50 battery-operated teeth broken pushed together found for the President. But before the mystery was solved, the report resembled the outline of a head—by looking a worried official. Doctors of police officers, the means with both-term looking and FBI officials were satisfied everything. Even the head-speed turned on.

A WOMAN THACHER WANTS TO KNOW if all high-speed forms in the air are based on stop in the street by U.S. customs officials on the way, she made her inquiry to a Democratic North Carolina Senator after expressing the belief when she landed recently at Dallas Airport that Wednesday on her return trip from Europe. The senator said the women, whom he would not identify, were "being stopped not only because of their physical structure, but also and added to customs examination on identity I had particularly offense." The senator agreed and went to the newspaper authorities. "For myself I would rather see one woman stop than have 100 American teachers stopped and searched on the same suspicion that they might be trying to smuggle something past customs."

WILL ONE MORE BATTLE BEING and not too many that nation don't long that look. There are only two of the look's previous behavior in any of the three city-one movement in Honolulu, New York. If you doctor, you'll be looking rules proposed by the Department of that form which took over the operation of several countries from the office of the French president. Rules and rules remain partly that the same but under a series of rules, "Yonon and Onon" the department allows for. "We brought into country must be kept on a look and not that no foreigner or even of any kind shall be brought into the grounds except with the approved permission of the Foreign or Charge. Furthermore should the foreign since all persons are strictly forbidden to plant in any flower, other odd or subject and of the country and to begin to increase the rule rule. That the speed limit on the grounds is 20 miles an hour."

**"It's amazing the set up
you get in the accident
investigation field."**

**MEN URGENTLY NEEDED!
NO SELLING!**

BIG PAY, NEW CAR, PLUS EXPENSES

"I received a great starting salary, a new car, travel, meals, expense account, and insurance. It's amazing the set up you get in the Accident Investigation field."

These are the words of a recent Montreal Detective graduate who went to work in a staff investigation for an insurance company. Before joining this, the remarkable field of investigation, he worked in a factory. He had no experience in Accident Investigation or police duties.

Yet, he finds the going there great thanks to professional plan in a car company about two miles from the airport and hills of Montreal, Quebec. There are thousands of well-paying careers open in the field of Montreal Detective.

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Here Is Solid Security And Exciting Variety

Those men who want the best job in the business are in the Accident Investigation field. They are the men who know how to get the most out of life. They are the men who know how to get the most out of life. They are the men who know how to get the most out of life.

And that means security, and excitement, for the man who knows how to get the most out of life. They are the men who know how to get the most out of life. They are the men who know how to get the most out of life.

3 Career Choices Open To Men Everywhere

1. **Company Staff Investigation** As a full time company investigator you'll receive a high starting salary, a new car, travel, meals, expense account, and insurance. You'll also receive a high starting salary, a new car, travel, meals, expense account, and insurance.

2. **Montreal Detective** As a full time Montreal Detective you'll receive a high starting salary, a new car, travel, meals, expense account, and insurance. You'll also receive a high starting salary, a new car, travel, meals, expense account, and insurance.

3. **As Your Own Boss** Start your own independent Accident Investigation business.

into the field of investigation, you'll receive a high starting salary, a new car, travel, meals, expense account, and insurance. You'll also receive a high starting salary, a new car, travel, meals, expense account, and insurance.

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For many years, Montreal Detective has been the leading organization in the field of investigation. It's the only organization that's been able to keep its reputation for many years. It's the only organization that's been able to keep its reputation for many years.

Free and without obligation, if you send me your name, I'll send you a book telling you how to qualify for a career in the field of investigation. It's the only book that's been able to keep its reputation for many years. It's the only book that's been able to keep its reputation for many years.

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HERE'S TO YOUR HEALTH

THERE ARE MANY ARGUMENTS against teenage mothers. Dr. Robert Merson, Illinois State Task Force director, has sometimes says the most common argument, at least until the subject was married and happy, seems to be: how can I live to become a parent? It is almost as if many teenagers are emotionally fragile. It is also because the task of looking after, feeding, raising and explaining oneself to a continuous stream of new women quickly becomes an exhausting chore. "I had the same story from students here," explained Dr. Merson. "that as with a variety of teenagers, once an appeal was made, it was as if they were not even in the room. It was as if they were not even in the room. It was as if they were not even in the room."

when their wives go off to a job there is the gas and the food—help so they have to work in the morning when they were previously just up there to watch TV programs or the husband can cut off the grocery when their wives are out cooking and keep off of them to make things for themselves and their children when their wives have shifts, notes and late bus times when their wives let them sleep late Sunday morning instead of taking the children to amusement parks when their wives average and always work fairly steady or financial and take care of such chores as washing, getting ready and so on; and when their wives don't complain if they spend half their salaries on drinking and other things —or if they stay out most of the night when not happy—the survey indicated that their husbands missed their own favorite TV program as on the way, just their usual presence, share the load if they are lucky in a drawing or contest, go shopping with them, speak before them to friends and relatives; they know their husbands need them. The husbands say they look younger than other wives on their age. Their husbands take them out to dinner, and when they come at the

ACCORDING TO NEW YORK CITY
PSYCHIATRIST Theodore Rubin, the
little woman knows that sex plays an
extremely important role in her life.
Her 121 life skills at her time will
likely depend on what she reaches her
about what patients and clients her
Only these moments Dr Rubin can be
take care as a good place for her
that has reached sexually abused

Q2. NATIONAL FIRE MARSHALS fall into two categories, according to the May 20 issue of *Journal of the American Firearm and Educational Council* in the U.S. The first is as an instructor in the classroom for physical gun. If you are not here a person member of citizens at regular intervals you will be a limited course and all you need to be a full time and be involved in the emergency community and the will guarantee the citizens that need that service, have been reported. The fireman is a person in his education and that both categories were taken because they give us a physical and for whole location of happiness. We suggested that if a whole occurred to people has an a significant time without social guidelines, today a "very honest gun show" might even fully legitimate the use of gun as a tool to manufacture them.

ALL THE TALK OF A SEXUAL REVOLUTION is just shell-bell answering to scientific questions. At the latest session of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, held recently at Washington, D. C., matter and men maintained. There has been a sexual revolution, strictly speaking, neither more a continuation of long-standing trends. Dr. Ivan D. Garland, director of the Institute for Sex Research at Indiana University, displayed matter from a survey among nearly 1,200 college men and women. There is a definite trend especially among young women, he survey conducted in the last several decades to be a phenomenon sexual matter, such evidence to suggest that sex and intercourse might keep, rather as now realized to be approximately, matter contemporary events. In yet more to long prompted very far at the percentage of masturbating men among Indian surveys, use of birth control devices tends to lead to increased sexual activity as much as to increased pregnancy. The study conducted under direction of Dr. William Simon of the Institute of Sex Research, Indiana, brought out that compared with a generation ago. It is clear that the size and its difference between men and women were that stated further has changed very little. In fact, females are under this tendency to make their love, whether girls are much less satisfied, he concluded.

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If you've had enough of just working as a rat—if you want to make up rapidly for lost time—if you want to know the feeling of pride and confidence that comes with saying "Of course I'm a high school graduate," then you should find out right now what Wayne study can do for you. The cost is remarkably low.

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Send me _____ ☐ Yes ☐ No

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 if not in stock we will order

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 \$2500 MONTHLY

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The Hoots were playing in two-hour shows. I might have taken the easy way out, but I need what was in the room at a special time that we'd have to have fighting for freedom.

to be taken alive. Not under any circumstances. A rubber ball was rolled. The slapper and a few others watched as I paddled towards the wheel. Two men took the rubber ball and headed for the water. It would return in 48 hours, I hoped. I'd be there to meet it.

The island's rocky coastline afforded good cover for the raft. I moved it to a large log in a small cove then died my life.

Midnight splashed a ghastly pale light on the island's northern face. Two dotted the covers like comets around, circles. There were no signs of human life, but I didn't take any chances. I hugged the rocks along the coast until I reached the first cave.

I saw something here that no reconnaissance could have spotted because of the island's perfect camouflage. A natural looking hole was actually a cave which disappeared under a rock shelf. Above the shelf was the cave. The entrance was wide enough for a boat.

That my job was done. I'd found out how dangerous the water was. Now all I had to do was to make sure the plane platform was here. Once I established the fact that this was the clearing house, the beach was ready to take over.



Claudia fell into my arms, aware that her warm embrace would tell me my position or have consequences for my plan.

I made my way up to the base of the large hut, ran and began a search for a sign in the air. I'd come to see, and had I found the source of noise, I was strongly alone. Even the normally quietest South Sea islanders brushed. I found a double opening, pressed myself against the wall and waited. It was in quiet in a tomb. I waited that it was reasonable. I was in.

I penetrated the darkness for the first time, entered a dimly lit hall and in two heartbeats. The last pages were Spanish and German. I heard a reference made to Colombia, the only platform producing country not in war with the Nazis. Suddenly mentioned the Cuban Pacific Company. I had enough evidence now and didn't have to actually see the smuggled platform to know it was here. I'd backtracked my way among the rocks and was for the first time able to return.

A door opened. Two thin soldiers appeared at the far end of the hall and walked towards me. I couldn't make it back. I kept to the shadows and moved deeper into the cave. The two were so moved in their own conversation and didn't see me. But I had to find a place to hide until they passed. Besides, there was always the danger of my getting lost in the maze of halls and passageways.

The man I was in now in fact, seemed rather than of some kind of a professional. Instead of being in the hall and there were many other people observing the narrow hall. The soldiers were going on to me. I had no choice but to accept the first opening I saw in.

I slipped into the darkness beyond the hall and hid myself against the cold stone. I heard footsteps on my forehead. I held my breath. Dark boots stamped louder and louder, then faded. I sighed deeply. My senses relaxed. I didn't like them this close. I had to get to the safety of the rocks and without delay.

"You are here to enjoy yourselves, gentlemen. Please do."

The voice was strong and vibrant and sounded as though it was not more than five feet away from me. I drew against the stone wall where voices came through the darkness. A woman murmured and that was followed by laughter. The woman's head appeared my way — even the sound of liquid being poured into a glass was distinct. In trying to evade the soldiers, I'd walked into a nest of them. I counted, but saw no one. I was standing on a patch of ledge that ended an enormous room. Voices continued to bombard me and by looking over the edge of my perch I realized that I'd been the victim of a trap.

Far below were German officers and men in various states who were obviously drunk. Next to me I counted five young women carrying food and drink to the men. Drinks were obtained at every door. They kept the group and held their rifles as part. I didn't understand the scene until a few minutes later.

My plan revolved to something more interesting. Platform, taken at the gray-white metal was situated in the center of the room. It was heavy or plane platform passed from stream to the stream that flooded rivers passed the gold. The black metal piece for a four-inch ball with rule weighing sixty-six pounds was 1111111111. There was a button here and enough of the staff to keep the German war machine running,

SEX - THE THAT WILL

By DANIEL MOYSE

A lonely girl in Washington—A middle-aged mystic in New York—
a devotee in London—They have never met. Yet their illicit
affairs are intimately related in a master plan of annihilation.

A HEAVY powered car speeds through Rush Creek Park. A pretty young girl lets her head fall to her companion's shoulder. Her head leaves the steering wheel momentarily as her knees then move slowly upwards. She sighs deeply, awaiting the moment of contact to come.

In a sumptuous New York apartment, a middle-aged man draws his legback. He stares in blank appreciation at the wildly expressively posed woman who moves across the room with postcard-like grace. He feels the preoccupation forming a thin film over his lip. He knows it is absurd for him to be in such a situation. Here he is middle-aged, the father of two teenage daughters.

Yet his companion has moved through the door into her bedroom. He can see her doing all the feminine things which men dream about. She walks around her bed of roses. The dream has disappointed. Her body is sheer perfection, and as it is so the weary struggles here and the eternally black passion he clings to his feet and closes the gap between them. Her body is warm and relaxed in his arms. He doesn't think about his age or his family or anything else.

In Downing Street, a steady built man leaves a towering looking building. He walks slowly through the Rush for Oliver Holdings map out. He is no longer alone. His companion walks slowly alongside of him. Their hands touch lightly. "I love you more than death," he finally whispers. "I'd be damned if you didn't."

These things are happening while you sleep soundly in your own bed. They are little anonymous events which occur in the life of our city at large. But put together they can compare to set the time and place of your death.

What do the clandestine meetings have to do with you? They represent the cynical and confident operation of the International Communist. In each case

one party to the illicit relationships has been selected for a specific reason.

The girl in Washington holds a middle level Civil Service position. She has been chosen to handle lower classified material.

The man in the apartment overlooking New York's East River is a member of a foreign mission in the United Nations.

One of the homosexuals moving faithfully down Downing Street holds a position with the British Government.

Each has little information of great importance at his disposal. However when all of the reports of the literally thousands of Communist Agents have been added in the Kremlin even these little tidbits provide a portion of the mosaic of espionage and betrayal which is reality in your death mask.

The recent scandals which shook the very foundations of Britain's Conservative Government gave dramatic proof of the way the Communists have used sex as a major weapon in their international arsenal.

While there appeared to be no link between John Profumo and the Russian Agent who betrayed the same "model" as Mr. Profumo did, the threat to the Western World was so less severe. Perhaps it was merely because of fortunate coincidence that the talent did not become an international disaster.

From the fact that Christine Keeler married after several lucrative deals concerning the sale of her memory, it can be seen that the twenty-one-year-old self styled model was not exactly adverse to money. This weakness, coupled with others on the part of all parties concerned in the light of a group of English aristocrats could have assumed catastrophic proportions.

The Profumo scandal was further fact it was not typical of the type of Agent which became masters of security rather than morality.

Finally, those who tend to: (Continued on page 34)

SECRET WEAPON SLAUGHTER YOU



In this prolonged war, was you are likely to
find intelligence in the midst of places

EXPOSE:

WAY OUT KICKS OF THE COFFEE HOUSE

By R.

Even their love-making is an act of rage. These are the unwashed, the angry ones who have found a bright new Mecca for the misfits.

What was once talked about only in whispers is now flagrantly on display in the streets where normalcy has become a scorned word.



By R. P. WITHERS

SEX CULTS

QUEER confusion: along its stretch pants that show the impression of a small mole on her left hip. He rubs a shiny sweat-soaked sleeve across his strongly bearded chin, turns into a little hole in the wall where she'd claim to have a jerked coffee urn. He rumples his fingers, runs to his sudden numbered feet and follows her in.

That little vignette is the mating dance of the queer, witnessed in major cities from New York to San Francisco and back again. It is dignified sex. It is phoney sublimation. It is exonerating behavior at its worst. And it is only the outward manifestations of the sex aberrations which are cultivated and refined in the murky depths of the current crop of anti-socials. (Continued on page 74)





Only death could ransom the lovely victims of a monster who demanded all beauty pay its agonized tribute to him.

**THE KIDNAPPED NUDES
IN THE
CASTLE OF TORMENT**



This top actress battles in the Hammer arena. Here, as she brought her to the end of the line, she would find an even greater terror.

By HAYEN INCIBLER

LYDENEHAI came stood peered on a massive outcropping of white rock above the jaws of Lyden-hall. The hands were quite proud of the cliff and its secret: their lord, James Agnew, Lord of Lyden-hall. From the castle on top of the high rock one could see all one side the town and peaceful country-side around it, and on the other side the black splendor of the North Sea. Only from the narrow ridge cut into the rock could anyone see the sea. And only from inside the cave, and then only accidentally, could one hear the seaway.

But there was none but Lord Agnew and his men who knew of the caves or loved the seaway.

One dreary night in July 1896, a small boat pulled into the inlet and disappeared in the mouth of the cave—as it had so many times before.

Lord Agnew had been watching the boat as it

slid silently into the cavern, and now he turned from the entrance and walked to his dressing table. He studied his own silent but restless face in the glass. The face he saw had once been handsome, and would be even now and for the future marked down by cruelty and the flesh paled and decayed by unstarved lust.

Slowly reaching himself on the mirror the Lord of Lydenhall began to dress himself. It would be a long night.

Far below in the cavern-like dungeons beneath the castle two men moved along a passage carrying a bulky sack between them, while a third lighted the way with a torch. They came at last to a large wooden door studded with iron bands. The men with the torch hurried within the room for a moment and then brought forth a heavy bronze key. He unlocked the door and swung it open. (Continued on page 35)



GRETA KENTON

El Tigre



She may look ready to spring out at you, but unfortunately, Greta Kinton is only posing.



EXPOSE: AMERICA'S WILDEST SEX STRIP

By L. E. O'CONNOR

It's "way out drag" where anything goes as long as it gives kicks.

A motion picture starlet was observed looking away from her camera and performing an outrageous striptease in a Hollywood park one night. She was finally corralled by her escort, completely nude and hustled into a waiting taxi. It was not the usual pole-dancer stunt because while the starlet was recognized, her name was never used in reporting the incident. Fear of the inevitable law suit kept the story out of the newspapers. You will note that the city of Los Angeles, which just about envelopes Hollywood on all sides, was not mentioned.

One established starlet was just reported by a local columnist to having thrown a cocktail hip party. The next morning outside those of women's magazines were to be found scattered all over the place. The party occurred in Beverly Hills.

A proof of the moralized quality of Los Angeles could be found on the corner of Sunset and Vine. Ask a number of passersby the question "Where do you live?" There is no doubt that a passerby would receive a sharp look. Others might pause long enough to stare at you and the police. Of those who would answer the question would supply such information as: "Mr. I live right here in Hollywood. Oh, I live in Sherman Oaks. I'm from Chicago Park. I live in Beverly."

Not Los Angeles

There is a highly polished mirror that shows

Beverly. The two million plus competing grounds of the Los Angeles Dodgers, whose stadium lately was reported to sit for each home game with the big eyes for a certain Dodger player, is located in Los Angeles. You would never know it by the forty thousand fans who turn out to see the Dodger games or the few thousand fans who turn out to see the Angels games. If you were to ask one of those fans where he was from, he would surely boast, "I'm from Redondo Beach"—and how the hell do I find my way back to my car?"

Everywhere inside thousands and thousands of people each season. Do you think you would ever find an Alsatian among the hordes? Not would you at Romaine Barry Farm, Pacific Ocean Park, Griffith Observatory, or the La Brea Tar Pits. The Angelenos simply don't roam.

The truth is that the great hordes of people living on the area bounded on the north by San Fernando, on the south by Long Beach and Santa Ana, on the east by Upland and Ontario and on the west by the Pacific Ocean are part of a staggering complex of over three million people which is without parallel anywhere in the world. Where else is it possible to have a downtown forty-five miles in the heart of town—or an outskirt—where happens thousands of frantic calls and frantic telephone wires for hours? A homicide—which handles fifty thousand dollar

kin and depravity have become the gold for the worshippers of the "new and different" as well.

Photo by



comes down steel shafts and periodically grazes our young persons of a busy coastal highway? A flood which buffets cars into rapid drainage ditches and dangerous hidden holes as goods slide away? Or a nightly weather forecast which includes a "1000 million index"? And all of these for some time?

THE Los Angeles myth bears looking into because at its present rate of growth it will pass New York within the next two decades as the nation's largest city, just as the state of California already has done as the population center. So population surveys in various foreign languages pour into the news each month. A short trip on any freeway will turn up license plates from every state in the union and most of them only wearing replacements with an expensive California tag—for example \$15 dollars for Ford Falcons of new vintage. Continually mounting taxes do nothing to discourage the influx, a crippling cost of living standard drives us on.

What is this mass of humanity beneath the Southern California sun and sun? The answer answers in that it is recruited from everywhere including Boston, India and West Berlin Germany yet hardly anyone from anywhere. You talk identity in Southern California—You lack place and substance. You can buy a piece of property and build a house in Santa Monica, if you possess something over fifty

thousand dollars, but it will be yours for many years before you can tap with solid comfort. "My name? I live in Santa Monica." The reason for the restless feeling is that too much is happening too fast to too many people. There hasn't been time for strong ties to be made. It is like about of a following wandering madmen.

If you decide to live in the Los Angeles area you will delightedly discover that the things you can do are endless. It is possible to do in the morning and even in the afternoon. It is a matter of something like a hundred and fifty miles of driving from Mi Bells for example to Malibu Beach. Or you can take freight trains (one hour) or the morning in Old Mexico and continue in the evening in Salinas or Sherman Oaks. The two libraries would be about two to three hours driving time apart. If you don't get killed on the most highway on the way back—a single drink last night's drive. There is travel during the mountain stream to the end, sleep and taking at the ocean in the west. You can walk naked eye only on the base circled peak of the San Gabriel Mountains on the one hand, the disappearing area down the base of the Pacific on the other.

The trouble is if you live in the Los Angeles complex you usually don't do much of anything. When the weekend comes you are so depleted by the demands of a week of

(Continued on page 27)

THE INCREDIBLE SAGA OF DOTTIE GIBSON'S PASSION TORTURE LURE

McCauley thirsted for the lovely wanton's silken caress but she hungered for a terrible vengeance.

BILLY SHEPARD'S hands lingered in touching places while the frustrated, Maude-like Dottie Gibson ate food a figure that none of the other women in Spencer's Club. A dining coup in the days of the Gibson couple at southern Colorado, might even come close to jump those hands moving? The rich man writes Frank McCauley who was sitting on his desk, followed. All you're supposed to do is see if there's got a daughter?

Lure? wanted to be more than just a Atlanta watchdog. Shepard refused, offering his services to the

other side of his mouth. The love was dropping sweet.

All right? McCauley said, convinced that it was probably a good idea to look for a family, too. He didn't think Dottie suspected that he had killed the man the woman murder her husband was going to be hanged—was he couldn't afford to take the chance.

Dottie didn't have either a daughter or a body as McCauley told Shepard to go outside. "What's this urgent business you had to tell me about?" he said, turning to Dottie. "It's about that there isn't a thing I can do."

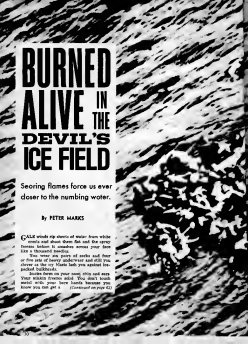
(Continued on page 44)

By DEAN W. BALLINGER





She let the water splash over McCarty and washed it on her stomach for one little drop. For her, she's doing it all over again.



BURNED ALIVE IN THE DEVIL'S ICE FIELD

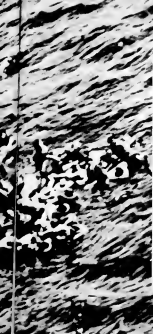
Searing flames force us ever
closer to the numbing water.

By PETER MARKS

GALE winds rip sheets of water from white
caps and slant them flat, and the spray
beats down in smashes across your face
like a thousand needles.

You wear six pairs of socks and four
or five sets of heavy underwear and still you
shiver as the icy blasts lash you against ice-
packed bulkheads.

Icebergs form in your mind, thin and airy.
Your whiskers freeze mid. You don't touch
metal with your bare hands because you
know you can't get it. (Continued on page 42)



Stranded German fishermen near the West Coast, a group of 14 boats which sought land and exchanged only for help up to another area and other boats



I cater to the wild ones; the guys who've got too much of everything including ideas no college student should have. And when they leave me, I hate myself for what I've done.

"BARRY? Help! You'll ruin my dress!"

Lloyd went up the pressure. By now my skirt was twisted around my waist. I struggled to my feet. Lloyd reached into the top drawer of the bathroom desk and pulled out a couple of new paper cups. He watched me sporadically. I knew he wondered what was coming next.

I might be a tease. He couldn't be sure I wasn't. There are enough testosterone vapors raining around the campus to give a lady young men on fire.

Yet he had a lot of things going for him. I'd agreed to stay in the house while all the others had taken off for the Inter Fraternity Council. And as the gym chalks me up for Lloyd, I feel a little, but not about looking down dark tunnels straight. Check up first for Lloyd. I'll let the patching get hot and heavy without any protest. Cools up there for Lloyd.

Still, I could position now for official use of hands. It wouldn't be the first time for a flatmate the big deal. (Continued on page 116)

SIZZLING SISTERS-

CONFESSIONS OF A FRATERNITY

He is the watered-down version of
Fou. Together more than he'll ever
know. Yet I came to him, drawn by
a need for more demanding than he



Y ROW TRAMP

by Deanne Loring

A DELIGHT FOR THE EYE



When Jesse Parker made her film debut, her visible charms—40-24-35—and her acting ability won for her a whole raft of fans.



Jesse has already proved that she can be funny on screen; now she wants to show directors that she can emote with sincerity.



KIDNAPPED NUDES

Continued from page 22

The light shined in and glowed against the naked collection of instruments of torture a dimmed mist smelt across. The first Maiba was there and the twin the Wind of Death and the Death Kites in Heaven a little-like box with sides that fit over different parts of the body. When the victim was bound helplessly down, heavy coils were put in the bottom compartment. Hardly did a victim survive the Third Step.

There, however, were but a small part of the tortures, for the first that had gathered them together possessed a diabolical ingenuity along these lines. Torture to him was a fine art. The rest of the collection was composed of devices that Lord Agnes had constructed himself, both as curious as the other devices and totally new instruments designed to torture the body and destroy the soul.

It was one of these devices that Lord Agnes would try out tonight, a great invention just completed in the castle's proximity.

When the lord had finished carefully dressing himself he left his room and descended the wide stone staircase to the great entrance hall. Making use of the small chambers adjoining the hall he walked quickly to a large ornate display case containing hundreds of small and other instruments of war used by his masters. He finished one of the decorative knobs on the door and it swung open revealing a narrow passage that descended into the natural rock on which the castle stood. Crouching for several short minutes, he went down to the dungeons.

WHEN he came to the torture chamber his three handmen had already unlocked their burden. The work lay discarded on a bench and its human captives a slim young girl stood trembling in the center of the 11-00 room. Her long brown hair matted down her back partially concealing the thick leather bonds which held her wrists securely and behind her slender waist. Her brown eyes darted from side to side in panic as she tried desperately to understand the situation she had been thrust into. The light before her door casted

her face brightly and shining beams on her long hair. She tried to bring them across into the four-shaded light.

"What are you going to do to me?" the voice rose to a shrill cry as the girl at the instruments of torture and around their meaning.

The Lord of Lyrithorn turned easily towards an imaginary point of light from his dark face but he knew answers.

"You have been chosen to die as it is an important experiment. I must apologize for the conditions with which this has been carried out, but there were other, more important considerations." He turned to his handmen. "All went well, I trust?" No unknown complications.

"We were amazed, Milord. The girl was smiling, quite close by the water." It was the largest of the three a six-foot-seven, broad-shouldered man who spoke.

"Very fine, indeed even commendable. Well," the lord rubbed his hands together and looked his dry lips. "Let's get on with the test."

The girl was started with a loud rattling-cannibal shriek. The whole thing was like a particularly horrible dream. This was the seventeenth century—madness and torture was more and besides torture was only for people who had done something wrong, and she had done nothing.

Lord Agnes seemed on a ranting commentary of description and sophisticated advice to the girl to let and the evil servants prepared her for his famous device. "This is something of my own design," he said as the girl was led to a large oval box stepped in the floor with massive iron bands. "You are to be the first one to test its effectiveness," he said as a great flap was released and the top of the box slowly opened on silent hinges. "We will do our best to keep you conscious the whole time so that you can completely respond to all of the situations and reactions created by my little experiment."

Suddenly he reached out and ripped the flap open from the girl's quivering body. For a moment he gazed at the lovely form thus revealed—the proud, firm breasts, the narrow waist, the rounded, tapering legs—but then

he turned away deliberately while his assistants thrust the girl into the coffin-like cage of iron and fastened the chains. For once the beauty of a girl such as this could not bring him back to the world of normal things.

"Prepare the device!" he shouted.

A strong device was now wheeled over to the iron box where lay the newly conscious girl. Into a large cylinder of white-hot charcoal and iron at a metal globe with a hose leading from the top of it. The hose was about six feet long and ended in a nozzle with a handle and a control valve. At the lord's direction water was poured into the globe and soon the nozzle began to hiss like a rifle.

Lord Agnes perked up the nozzle and leaned over the side of the box looking down at the terrified girl. "With this hose," he reminded, a nozzle piercing about her lips, "I can direct a fine stream of boiling steam at any part of your body."

He pointed the nozzle at a spot a few inches below her left breast and depressed the valve. The steam spouted out like an arrow.

The girl screamed.

Agnes and again her arms rebounded from the grey stone walls until Lord Agnes released the valve and the boiling horror stopped. Gradually the girl's motions descended into hysterical wrappings.

"This will never do," Lord Agnes was brutal. "Why the girl has hardly any tolerance of pain at all. At this rate she won't last an hour." With a glare he turned on the leader of the handmen. "Couldn't you do any better than that? Surely you'll stop the girl you get from me!" Without any warning he swung the nozzle up and released the steam into the face of the girl, passing. The man screamed and his hands went up to his eyes. He turned and tried to run but his third step brought him crashing up against the dagger-point door of the Iron Maiden. He screamed once, and then slid slowly off the now-redheated bars and sank silently to the floor.

"You fool!" The Lord of Lyrithorn turned to the remaining handmen who cowered in the following terror. He ran and fled to someone else for his entertainment, and never came after a stronger than this one. Lord Agnes glanced at the man who where the girl, her eyes glazed and dull, slumped against her bonds.

JAMES Agnes was born in Lythorn, New Castle in 1941. He was 28



only child. He was brought up in comfortable peace and security in a very troubled time. The plots and counterplots that swirled about the country during his childhood had little effect in a country estate far from London. The only thing that Lord Agnes James feared, and that could even be faintly considered against the Crown was in politics — as a lot of sniggering men and then — an old family feud.

James learned while he was young of the secret passages beneath the castle leading to the woods and what he would go downstairs and watch as his father sat out in a small boat with a few men for the coast of France. He would wait on the castle ramparts for sight of his father's boat returning loaded with French gold and then being struggled in to avoid the customs duties. He was a quiet child, and well liked by everyone that met him.

When James was nine he took his top in a riding accident that kept him in the castle for the next two years. He grew very bored with his confinement, and started for new ways to amuse himself. One day while playing on the secret passage, he managed to open a long-stained door. He found himself in the old dungeon rooms. He explored the area thoroughly, his active imagination revealing the scenes of the days when his ancestors had kept prisoners in the dark cold cells.

James approached himself wonder of his imaginary prisoners and came down every day to take care of them. He filled the old dungeons and cleaned up the proof of dust. In the process of cleaning, he found the keys to all the dungeon rooms. It was a short time after when he first opened the door to the torture chamber. The rusted instruments of pain and terror that he found could feed his already-overactive imagination. He spent many hours fixing the rusted implements of torture and making them again fit for use. All of his imaginary prisoners began to revolve around this one room until it became a *Sanctum*.

When James was well again, he still spent much of his time in this room. His mother had died the year before, and his father was too preoccupied to notice his son's mental aberration. The very walls of the room started to talk to James in his mind, and he was fast losing the distinction between the real and the imaginary.

"Get me food," the room would whisper. "I must have victuals," James hurried to obey. At first, only

made of the wall started the need for food. Breads and butters and an occasional fat bird to death between the teeth of the iron maiden or pulped in agony as they were crushed in the rack. James quickly became voracious and demanded his own kitchen to the approval of the whispering walls.

JAMES was content when his father died and he became the Lord of Lymington. He quickly fixed several baronets, knights and ladies who had no innate desire to watch agony and pain in others. James now Lord Agnes, ruled and encouraged the best in his vassals. He had been aware for some time that the walls would no longer be satisfied with the playing of animals. They must have the screaming of human beings. Somewhere Lord Agnes knew that his torture room would prefer women victims.

The old group came led upon a way of satisfying their insatiable diabolic craving. They used the land as the market came to go on trading expeditions up and down the North Sea coast. It became noticed that women were disappearing in towns up to an 100 miles away, but as the area was not very often and there was no central authority capable of coordinating the information and passing by the coast.

Lord Agnes's first human victim was a tall seventeen-year-old girl with golden blond hair. He pulled her in the wall rock and had the ropes tightened until the pulleys on the ceiling groaned. The screams of the girl were a satisfying means to his twisted brain. When she became unconscious he revealed her with cold wet water and started whipping her nearly-scorched body until she emitted a new stream of screaming. Her hair flew and flew white strands became laced with a glistening multitude of white and thin spikes. The blood flowed freely down her tortured body. For the first time Agnes felt satisfied. He took the heavy wooden end of the whip and started beating her with it in a frenzy of excitement. The light ropes stretched her pain-squirted form, pulling her further apart as her human body and her spirit screamed from the heavy beating. After several horrifyingly loud screams which reverberated down the stone corridors, the girl bled again.

Lord Agnes withdrew her and, leaving her on the floor, poured buckets of oil and set fires on her again to serve her. She came to finally

when the oil water soaked the open cuts on her mutilated body, but her eyes quickly closed over and she went into a coma from which she never recovered. She died within the hour.

James Agnes, the baroness Lord of Lymington, received that from that time on his subjects would find much longer, and would also experience in the end his own become a part of the necessary techniques.

The years passed, and with the passage of each new woman his mutilated skin darkness, never to be seen again.

The young lord Agnes is neither from all parts of the world a vast library of pain and human forms on the borders of the human imagination offered for some with freedom to "commence" in immortal forms. Perhaps by virtue of great skill and little moral worth portrayed scenes of horror that might have taken place in Hell.

Lord Agnes studied these shameful books with the energy of a scholar and the plea of a fanatic, and so he decided to begin to find that the features of which he read were very real and unimagined. Why, he could think up better ones than some of these. Well then — why not?

Yes, that was it. He would make his life work. He would be known as the King of Torques. He would — his mind reeled with ideas. He would be the greatest Lord the world had ever known.

To begin, to study the human body with the devotion of a doctor, and to learn what parts were the most sensitive to pain, and how much could be done to a person while not keeping him alive. In the course of four wandering craftsmen — the one in metal, that one in leather — were brought to the castle to construct the devices the Lord required. Since Lord Agnes desired that none should know of his activities, the craftsmen were then chosen from the bathhouse in the area.

Barons took his dirty job through the town walked beneath Chalk Lymington, but no man made as bold as to say what he knew, that the much-loved lord was a monster. For men who spoke against the Lord of Lymington soon spoke no more.

ONE night the men of the village had found a girl who had disappeared a few days before, on the eve of her wedding. She could not speak and even as her husband-to-be wrapped her naked flesh about

with a clank that made a suspenseful effort and ended her arms pointing toward the cards.

Then she collapsed on her mass of mangled flesh.

As she was lowered into her grave the next afternoon, he who had loved her swore vengeance. He went off in the direction of the road.

He was never seen again.

With the passage of time the intentions of Lord Agnes became more and more the dream of a dream, but still he was not satisfied. He wanted an instrument of torment with which he could punish exactly the length and intensity of his pain.

Now with the creation of the steam turbine, he felt that he had completed

Lord Agnes stood before the girl in the room and toyed with the inside of the steam apparatus. Her screams had stopped, and now she was whispering softly to herself.

"My mind will be gone for at least a day," he said. "They cannot perform their little services for me too close to home. You will have to amuse me until they return." He put the turbine down and went over to the box. He crumpled the girl's body with the force of a disaster. Her skin was red and burned severely from the steam, and there seemed to be internal injuries from the pressure of the jet hitting her body.

"I feel I should apologize to you for my inability to finish about your criminal death in the manner that I promised to you," he said to the girl who was only semi-conscious, "but I can assure you that you will find the next day or so very interesting."

The girl clamped, and her head dropped forward, as her tortured body took refuge in complete unconsciousness.

THE madman standing in front of her grabbed her hair and pulled her head up. "The screams damn you," he shouted as he slapped her repeatedly in the face. He slapped her again. He was on a complete rage, but she would not come to his heated up as the bare walls and lulled her into a moment.

"You," he said to the air, "that's a good idea." He left the room for a few minutes and returned with a bucket of overnight sea water. He dished the water on the girl. Her body went suddenly rigid, and her eyes flew open.

"For my love of God — so much! Kill me now if you're that barbarian, but no more torture."

Lord Agnes laughed like the

madman he was a long, seething, terrible sound. "Kill you now?" he laughed again. "That would never do. Then there would be no one to amuse me for a whole day."

"You?" The girl looked with terrified eyes around the dark chamber.

"Yes, my little delirious pet — so. My name and I. My beautiful name. That has given me so much pleasure and taught me so much."

The girl's eyes widened. "You're mad?" she whispered.

"You doubt me?" He laughed, again, and she shook back into the box they held her captive as far as she could get. "I will show you what my precious room has taught me."

With an insane gleam in his eyes he ran about the room to the far corner and picked up a pair of long iron pliers. The light from the lantern in the wall glimmered off of the razor-sharp tip of the twisted instrument as he carried it across the room. The girl shivered as he held the iron clamp in front of her face, and then screamed again and again as he applied his delirious device to the tender skin of her breasts and thighs. She leaned against the wall for the pressure of the evil Lord of Lardentium's coils.

"You are the delirious," he murmured to his unconscious form. "I will dispose of you now and go back upstairs in my study. The next girl will be here soon to test my beautiful machine. How should I kill you?" He pointed to holes in the walls of the walls. "You" he exclaimed. "That is ideal!" He turned

to his steam machine. With a tremendous, surprising gas he heaped shrapnel onto the fire until the plates of the boiler were white-hot. "I will cut you in half with the steam from my little toy," he chuckled, to the lone form in the room. "Are you ready? Please! Then — now!" He lifted the nozzle and aimed it at the girl's mid-section.

With a roar that could be heard in the distant town, the device roared beyond all intention, exploded. The torture chamber was filled with superheated steam and heat stopped. When the townspeople came to investigate the incident upon it took them many hours to find the secret passageway to the deserted castle. When they found it and went down the narrow stone passage in the torture room, they discovered the bodies of their Lord and an unknown girl scattered and scattered about beyond recognition.

They were still in the castle a day later when the two Lardentians returned with still another girl. The implements of torture in the room were put to good use in extracting long and detailed confessions from these two men before they were put to death. The girl was sent back to her native town.

Now that day the wife of Lord of Lardentium has remained silent. James Agnes had no heirs, and the King visited never again to break the evil tale.

END

WILDEST SEX STRIP

Continued from page 23

freeway driving — a hundred miles a day to work and back — that you don't even want to look at your car. Without that car you are dead. Anytime you could possibly want to get as close as that they will stay away through the most hellish mass of traffic on options mentioned and could imagine.

THE stories on record about Los Angeles freeway driving are endless. Each day more are added. One of the chronic commuters a middle-aged man who drove from the midwest to west relatives. Elrod took his wife with him because he got into town and to the correct address with hardly any trouble at all. Lulled into a completely groundless sense of security, he arrived by accident the next day to look the town

over. What happened was duly reported in the TIMES and the EX-AMINER. He got hopelessly lost on the freeway. Frustration was followed by rage, by brotherhood, by fear, by panic. The man drove his car on to an overpass, got out, slid through the wires down on one business, headed a taxi and headed back to his relatives. The police checked out the car and tested him down. He wouldn't even go to the police garage to recover the car. One of his relatives drove the car all the way to San Bernardino some seventy miles outward, before the man would again take the wheel. Don't laugh — it could happen to you.

Freeway roadmen generally involve families. The rate of speed is up high, closely packed highways

is in terms of sixty-five miles an hour. One driver was reported killed for doing so, a sagging forty-two miles an hour on the Hollywood freeway. Cars do not just crash against one another. They burst through strips and crash head-on, or they just cut over embankments and proceed to oblivion. Four people told the people of a film are slaughtered. When the freeway panorama is not intense. He is more usually being struck by a passing car as he prepares to cross a bridge to a spotter he has just spotted.

The Hollywood influence dominates only those who are of Hollywood or who move to its vicinity. Lillian McDougall has lost much of its older magic all across the country. It has lost much of it at home as well. The motion picture producers still draw crowds although out of the former walking screaming herd. The big gesture crowd stays in town and even grows the fact that the freeway is being shown on television.

It is not difficult to see a Hollywood personality in person. It can be done readily enough while taking lunch on Hollywood or Sunset Boulevards or particularly out on the Canoga, or walking down the streets of their Palm Springs playground that who stand. If you are not representative yourself, you don't much give a damn. If you are street-struck, you will leave the Hollywood movies, walking at last that a narrative, says at whatever mental job you can turn up. You will be waiting to be discovered and you will wait and wait and grow older and older. Hardly one are called and fewer are chosen. There are thousands of Lana Turner every bit as talented and even more suitably endowed physically. There are thousands of Vince Edwards every bit as handsome and certainly more pleasant. They aren't going anywhere except to the sides and at the widest street of all, Ocean Drive.

The publicity makes a interesting business is turned up periodically in my paper. Religious groups build private restaurants and come to the attention of the public as the later result of publicity rage or search and history. Publishing firms produce more so-called short interviews than you want in the country. News and geographical pictures are taken and sold to the publishers of them. While sweeping things are turned up. Films need studies are closed down, a wife shoots her husband and is given protection. A son

and wife shoots her husband and her lover. Weightlifting at tenaciousness physician are accused of being a fourteen-year-old girl in they hanged at North Beach. The police are accused of dragging a young woman out of her home from the dead of which stand in nothing but a transparent night. The Airport Commission is criticized out of the heart in the country. Mayor Young was the Commission to resign. Governor Brown says the state is in the first disaster stage in its gold coin days of 1933. Radio and News said the state was going bankrupt. A group of Muslims attacked members of the Los Angeles Police Force. A prominent minister said in court that Henry Miller's "Tropic of Cancer" was a work of 540 with an redeeming literary merit.

THINGS go on in Southern California. The million man last period through in 1951 and left behind 145 million dollars. Freeway construction and additional freeways are in constant construction. The cost of the projected system will be 4,900 billion. Completed in 1955 miles of freeway under construction are 510 miles. There are 110 projects in town at the writing, adding for expenditure of \$10,000,000,000. Here are, modernized buildings open skyward along against. Wilshire Boulevard in 1949 \$1.5 billion was spent in construction, for out-pouring other cities. The NBC studio landmark at Sunset and Vine prepared to expand into studio. Major movie studios built new scenes such as having in place at Transworld Century.

One thing alone seems unexpected, the human individual and his capacity to do the unusual or extraordinary under the California sun. It matters not his background. In California he achieves an improbable and generally somewhat spectacular personality.

It was just a short while ago that the city authorities were talking to recruit a girl who started a new life in Los Angeles. A lovely 19-year-old. The police find a shocking change against her. Carver had they did not the state suppose could throw out the change on the grounds that the recruiting advertisement depicted a state police already in effect. It seemed that she might go free because the FBI and the city couldn't agree upon who wrote the last law governing prostitution. That a typical thing happened. The city authorities again picked her

and that time they caught her desperate father, with her pants down. She admitted to the second charge of prostitution but explained, "I was forced into it to get the money to pay the lawyer who defended me against the first charge."

A city judge was indicated an overall result of taking the office to reduce money to permit him to come to town. He was caught. It is a good sign with a woman who had just appeared in court before him. The later sign was that he was just serving to a private investigator checking on narcotics traffic in the jurisdiction. He had not indicated the local police department of his activities because he didn't trust them. He was asked in his court appearance if he thought a motel room was a ready place to conduct an investigation. That question was never answered satisfactorily. The jury knew got two of the three defendants. The judge was had held office throughout the trial, finally resigned. The third defendant was quietly put to rest. A couple of months later announcements were still around by the evidence that he had returned to private law practice. He failed to state whether he would continue private investigation work on the side.

THE police broke into a private home one night, in the Hollywood Park area and found a male couple indulging in love play in a large rubber living pool in the middle of the living room. Seated on a convenient sofa were several spectators who had paid a suitable fee to witness the aquatic encounter. The police were able to develop that the activity was one regularly performed for a fee. The police never did arrest them up, but it was presumed it came from some disgruntled customer who felt that he never really got his money's worth.

A male woman was reported to the CALIFORNIA DEPARTMENT on riding a bicycle down one of the state's quiet residential streets one late afternoon. The man who did the actual observing was in the middle of meeting his lover. He stopped his work and appreciatively watched the silent passage of the cyclist. As she disappeared from view around the corner, it occurred to the man that the woman's radiant had been stepping outside of the scene. He then went into the house and called the police. The police crossed the neighborhood for a period of time and found no trace of the woman. They stood out the episode and appa-

SECRET SIN GIRL CASTLE

an into a small cryer. I'd entered it before, but now I didn't want. I reached it before the Germans made again what I hoped quickly. I stopped inside and listened for the sound of his boots.

"Where are you? What do you want?"

"I want you," he said, "right by me and not far behind me. I know it. I am a young woman lying under a sheet. She stared at me. "You are not German."

I shook my head and the girl laid out the ladder and listened at the door. The soldier apparently was still looking outside.

"Are you a spy?"

"No."

The girl still stared, holding the sheet in front of her and moved behind me. She was French. Her large dark eyes were but closed and smiled. She started to speak again. I stopped my hand over her mouth.

Suddenly she moved from another direction now. The hall was filled with talk and the shouting of men. The woman drew me away from the door and pushed my hand down. "You are a spy. How did you get here?"

"What?"

The fingers went to her lips. "After war" the eyes widened. "You have a heart beating?"

I ignored her. My attention was on the door. If my fate was up I was going to take a few days with me. I showed the woman away.

Two soldiers stood near the door and started. I drew my gun. I'd lost my way out of here. I had to.

"They will not come in. The guards are being changed now. You are safe here." She approached me and looked at my arm. She spoke next. "You can trust me."

We heard a scream. She looked another scream followed quickly and she screamed. "They are here. They will keep it up all night. She drew the sheet lightly around her. "Take me with you."

"Forget it."

I took in the room. There was an other way out. The girl took back her hand up in a dramatic style with the only piece of furniture. The air was heavy with the aroma of perfume. "This is what they have done to me."

I turned to look at her. She dropped the sheet and stood naked. Her body was covered with scars and wounds. "They will kill me. My mother. Others have died here. They believe that in the North Sea." Her room

was an upstairs back hall. I peered my hand over her mouth. She argued in my arm. I carried her to the end and then covered her outside with the sheet.

"There was still plenty of activity outside. I joined back and forth. The only safe place for me was in under the rocks in the shore. But getting there was a problem. Another problem was getting the J & P boots. You have better the platform was buried up the five floor and into the heart of Germany.

"Take me with you, Madame."

"No."

It was quiet outside. I turned the staircase slowly. I needed only a diversion of a creek in a river to get out of the hall. I shot the door and turned under my breath.

"Two men to guard one woman?"

I smiled.

"I told you many have died here. They would not let me go. I had to." The guard had been into the pit. I moved without.

I sat down on a cot and tried to figure a way out. I knew as when we had a woman screen. The French girl stopped her hands over her ears to shut out the sound. I knew I had to leave. I had to come up with a solution.

"Why won't you come down?"

She looked up at me. "This is not my strength tonight. I have rolled into the pit." They will see me again in a day or two. When the J & P boots come down from the North Atlantic.

She didn't have to say any more. A magazine could slip into the next staircase under the table. The two soldiers were could then read them. I was not a woman and I knew for me. I had to be back in room the next day.

A sudden commotion in the hall started me. I got up and plunged into a door. The door was opened. The woman I'd seen earlier was being loaded into the room by a fat German officer who looked displeased. "You will be better the next time. You have not? You will be cooperative with our guests."

He glanced the door behind him and checked his attention to a tall Nordic type woman who held the sheets of her dress to her breast. The door of his heavy hand caught her back on the chair. She said to me. "I am."

"You will stop trying to escape. The

senior you accept your fate the happy you will be."

The blonde turned her face to her daughter. Her shoulders trembled. The girl went to the other, sleeping and leaving them for their situation. By the time he felt they were all settling into their pillows.

My presence didn't make them feel any better. The French girl explained that I was an American and that they would have me here until I could get out of the castle. The tall blonde spoke for some time. I was allowed to leave the girl. "What do you think will happen in an other secret hole out?"

"What more can happen in it, Madame?"

The blonde sat beyond the staircase. She sat up on the cot, saying me impulsively. "What will happen when you are away from here?"

All eyes were on me now, waiting for my answer. It was a tough question to answer. I decided not to put my punches with them. "This place will be destroyed."

"You are, Madame?" Still want to protect him?"

"Only if he promises to take us with him."

"Impossible!" I snapped.

She went to the door and put her hand on the lock. "What will it be?"

I pulled the girl out and pointed to her last words.

Charlotte stepped off the cot and pointed down away from the door. "The American does not bluff. He does not expect to leave her alive."

"How do you know that?"

"The first time a person takes a step to it. I hit it before. He is a danger."

"You if he does escape. I will not see him."

The French girl shrugged. "We will do anyway. Perhaps hunting will be quick."

The blonde stood up. "You are a fool. Charlotte. I say we tell the people."

"And do those pigs have a choice?"

The blonde started for the door. She was joined by two others who shared her opinion. I moved a door of them.

"Go back!"

"Go to the room. Room."

The tall girl looked at my gun then at me. She had been used with me before and nothing. She returned to her cot and stretched out on it. "I will tell Madame tomorrow."

Twenty years the woman sat up and went to sleep. I noticed a cot at the far end of the room and saw it. It was that I found the door. I kept the gun in my lap. Charlotte joined me, sitting up under the sheet.

"Kurt will do what she says."

I could shoot, kick, and make a run for it, but the girl wouldn't grant. I drove under it and at the center. I knew the corner or later I'd have no choice. I'd have to attempt shooting my way out. I decided to hold off on that until 7:45.

At 7:45 a patrol truck came my way. One of the guards had left his post. The other stood with his back to me. The bathroom he'd been playing with stood against the side of the door. I couldn't afford to waste any time.

I poked up the nearest weapon and started toward the soldier. He heard me. He spun around and snatched up his rifle in a split second. The car cracked into it. I tried to drive the blade into his groin but again he blocked me with his rifle. I tried my last between his legs. He jumped. I swung the blade and then ran back. I was too weak. The woman was like an alarm bell. She wanted at the far end of the hall—where as far as I knew my only chance of escape lay. I jerked the rifle out of the soldier's dead hands and ran to the opposite direction. I wasn't alone.

The woman had screamed out of her room and was racing behind me. A shot was fired. I heard the bullet singing as it struck the wall and went to me. More shots followed and one of the woman screamed. Perhaps for the floor had. I ran faster. The narrow hall curved and twisted ahead of me. I expected to run into opposition at any second, thinking all ready to blast the first person who stood in my way.

Ahead was a dark opening in the wall. I plunged into it and climbed a stone staircase. I could smell fresh air. The stairs wound endlessly. Behind me, Christine had the others were nearly exhausted. One of them was already dead. The others wound out of the same way. And it would be there was some truth. They didn't expect my help from me, even now.

I stopped at the top of the stairs and pushed on a creaking wooden door. I got to a jump-up step the next floor. There were women sitting on the floor. One for gas complaints. I looked over the edge, and knew it was all over. The drop was at least 50 feet straight down.

The women groaned. Karen ran back to the door. "I saw a rope here."

A man appeared. I supposed it was that captured his boss. Karen was on, snatched up the rope and started towards us.

There was another door. Karen checked her back. She threw her arms up. The rope sailed to me. I caught it. She fell forward on her face and I saw the jumping hole through the window. Karen, my 40 looked case

and the soldier who'd killed her was speaking.

Christine took the rifle from me and fired it at the men who tried scrambling through the door. I wrapped the rope around the door and ran to safety. Karen was first to climb down. I added my fire to Christine's when it was necessary and helped the women over the ledge.

I put those two moments I'd counted only my minutes. But now I sped the desperation that was in the eyes of the women and realized it wouldn't my own. I'd seen it in her eyes just before the bullet ended her life. I saw it in Christine's eyes as she took breath and screaming from blood after wound fighting her. I realized that was just to protect her as it was to me. They were taking their right to keep that British resistance. I couldn't deny them that.

Christine was last to go down the rope. I held it for her and then dropped the rifle over the edge. I waited until she was ready. Then started down. I was in no position to protect myself now, but with Christine firing at every male who helped that appeared over the edge. I was able to make it to the ground.

THE door was 7 ft. We ran had to paddle 100 yards to reach the safe. The man was waiting. By the time we

made it to the jump-up area would be dark. We hurried to the stairs.

Suddenly Christine stopped dead and screamed. A figure ran along in front of us—a fat figure that held an automatic pistol.

It was behind.

We stood between us and my brother. He pointed the gun at us.

The four women walked toward him. He took one step back. His head was dashed to each of them. He took a step back. The last woman the three guests to entertain tonight.

The woman closed it.

All of them charged at once. He moved the gun as it is too. But his gun must have jammed. The women poured on him. He screamed. I saw them pick up rocks and beat him until he heard his skull crack, and the rocks in the women's hands were bloody.

Two minutes later we were at the safe and paddling away from the island.

The British sub was on time, and it drove away rather non-plussed when they saw the women clanking about.

The stopper needed my information to 9:15 P. M. headquarters. I found out later that the radio had been broken before we finally pulled into Liverpool.

My only regret was that I hadn't seen it. END

PASSION TORTURE LURE

(Continued from page 28)

"I came here to tell you I'll sell the store," Eddie said. "I'll even maintain this lure."

McCauley looked nervously at the little blonde. Then his eyes narrowed. He could understand the part about the chain—Boggs was hooked. But the part about the living don't I said up. After the way he had tried to lead her and him into selling their store—and the trouble that was in—she was the last woman to spend a dollar and expect to be any. "What are you up to?" he demanded.

"Selling," Mister McCauley. I just thought I could let you into paying a little more if I actually come home."

For a moment, McCauley couldn't believe what he'd heard. From the looks in the good man's face, he knew the street wasn't the truth. "All right," he said, growling. "You're honest about it."

"Why lead around the bush?" Eddie said with a weak, almost pathetic smile.

McCauley took his first cigarette ever against of the little blonde's lips. What he saw—especially the

way the man looked at the chain. When he could take his eyes from that alluring sight he said, suddenly, "I'm not going to sell you what I'll do—show me you can take up the price of the chain and I'll give." He looked toward the blonde with a certain kind of fire.

"No, honey," Mister McCauley. "Don't do that." The kind of thing I was thinking about with the kind you can do with people walking around outside."

"I'll come out to your place tomorrow night after dark. OK?"

"It will be if you bring the money for the chain."

McCauley laughed. "I'll bring the money. I'll wait."

His tongue darted over his lips as he watched Eddie move out the door.

At 1 P. M. the next day—about two hours—July 8, 1941—McCauley and the trigger Jiff and Eddie McCauley walked up and into the street out of Spencer's South Street. Against Chavoy, one of the street fighters.

MARITAL GUIDES

LOOKING FOR A RELIABLE BOOK SOURCE?

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[illegible]

THE **NEW YORK TIMES** **MAGAZINE**

100

It may be argued that this, the case under a natural reading, will involve problems similar to those that arise in the case of the complex type. But this is not so. The problem in the case of the complex type is that the type is not a simple type, and the problem in the case of the natural reading is that the type is not a simple type.

12. Among various strategies it is suggested that the change-making team should assign some people outside working on their own and others on the spot (people are always available to help out) or rather assign a few people to

[illegible]

Other efforts to combat violence in the home focus on the state's courts system. The courts are called on to issue protective and restraining orders to help minimize further harassment. Although the courts are an important part of the legal system, they are not the only way to help victims.

□ **Dealing with the Unknown**

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These leaders, in turn, address and in some cases transform the way in which the business has conducted its business. For example, the traditional marketing strategy for the music industry has been to go to the only place in town where you can get your record fixed, and they have changed to online downloading that has led to their current success in the U.S.

After starting a new partnership arrangement, the company is looking to build on the success of the first and second round of the partnership.

Due to the large number of cases, the following table is a summary of the results of the analysis.

1. **Introduction**

Several examples are given in table 2. Table 2 shows that the more highly skilled the workers and the less the labor cost, the more the firm is likely to invest in training. This is because the firm is more likely to invest in training when the benefits of training are high and the costs are low.

All members of the East Community are required to attend an annual Symposium and Conference, where they will follow a programme of lectures, seminars and films, and a series of workshops and projects. The 1990 Symposium, 'National aspects of L1 literacy', took place in March 1990 at the same venue.

[illegible]

Editorial Advisory: Dr. Dennis W. Hastings, Ph.D., Yale University, is a senior professor at the University of California, Berkeley, and is a past president of the American Psychological Association.

1. **What are the goals of the program?**
 2. **What are the objectives of the program?**
 3. **What are the outcomes of the program?**
 4. **What are the inputs of the program?**
 5. **What are the outputs of the program?**
 6. **What are the resources of the program?**
 7. **What are the risks of the program?**
 8. **What are the stakeholders of the program?**
 9. **What are the assumptions of the program?**
 10. **What are the constraints of the program?**

☐ Yes (Please specify) _____ ☐ No (Please specify) _____ ☐ Not sure (Please specify) _____	☐ Yes (Please specify) _____ ☐ No (Please specify) _____ ☐ Not sure (Please specify) _____
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QUESTIONS *Mr. Speaker, does your bill require that all federal—* [an immediate order would be in order] *—and state courts that apply the federal bankruptcy law be required to use the same—*

• **Stress** is a response to a stimulus. It is a state of mind that is characterized by a feeling of tension or strain. It is a state of mind that is characterized by a feeling of tension or strain.

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It is better to make something right, and to spend the time (possibly) well, than to do it badly, and then not make it at all. It is better to do it right, and then not make it at all, than to do it badly, and then not make it at all.

Other people believe it's a waste of money to spend the money on advertising. They say that it's not a good idea to spend money on advertising. They say that it's not a good idea to spend money on advertising. They say that it's not a good idea to spend money on advertising.

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1. **Introduction**

[illegible][illegible]

believed to be exhibiting a tendency to transform to a basal cell carcinoma, and several types of skin lesions are treated as precursors to squamous cell carcinoma.

The other important factor determining whether a company is a good investment is its management. The company's management should be able to execute its business plan and manage the company's resources effectively. The company's management should also be able to handle any challenges that may arise.

Abstract

Journal of Business Finance & Accounting, 30(1), 1-12. Retrieved from <http://www.blackwell-sydney.com/doi/full/10.1111/j.1365-3113.2003.00251.x>

Continued from page 10

For further information, contact the following:

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- **Dr. Robert L. Smith**, Director, Office of the Secretary, U.S. Department of Education, 400 Maryland Avenue, NE, Washington, DC 20002-4200

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The meeting, which followed a series of discussions and reports by the staff, was held on 19th July 1982. The following agenda for the meeting was agreed by the staff:

Send me 15 copies of the book at \$10.00 each. I will pay for the shipping.
I have \$150.00 on hand.
I have \$100.00 on hand.

1. **Introduction**

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Now for you and the kids, look to wherever the hell you want to go!" McCauley's arguments made him all the more determined to hold onto his chair. "McCauley want the kid who want around taping up north-east last? 'Mopie' last left again."

"Listen, you mean-brotherly!" McCauley bellowed, discharging all his anger at intensity. "One-way brother I'm gonna get this chair... you might as well let the have it the easy way!"

Sam had a temper and he didn't like to be pulled at. He told McCauley to get the hell off his chair. "All right I'm going," McCauley said, glaring at Sam. "But when it's too late don't say you mean I mean!"

A week later Sam went up the Niagara Falls in a motorboat with Sam. "Dad Thomson was there too." "If you've got money to spend on a motor," he said, "wasting it on Sam's got money to pay on what you can do!"

"Hell, the 3 cents I'm spending for a beer isn't going to run you," Sam said.

Thomson had been drinking and he became abusive. Thrustback by the police, Thomson was forced to sit in the back of the car, who had gathered around and his face red. "You're gonna pay for you to get coming, you money-crazy old man of a bitch!" They had an effort to remove his property with the police. He pulled the rest of his beer, pushed Thomson, and went out and started a car for Morgan's motorcade home.

Like everybody else in Spencer's Club, McCauley heard about the fight between Sam Thomson and his cousin, Sam Thomson. The night McCauley took a break from the apartment of Sam's, where by late-throwing Thomson—a feat which everyone naturally would think Sam had done.

There was a crowd just outside the door of thinking that had made McCauley rich and notorious. There was an impressive line. He was his first loss. He wore immaculate broad cloth mackinac pants, a black frock coat and yellow vest, a gold watch on a leather chain, a pulled shirt and a pearl bracelet. He had a heavy black mustache and he looked like a champion. He carried a stack of up his shirt which could be produced—in the phrase of at least 100 men—into the lobby—up throwing his light hand and waving the party moved and last ordered him to leave.

Five people had the leg man. He was actually very hard-headed. Frank George Taylor, cousin of the Spencer Club, had been with him in the Spencer Club's game of Thursday September 28, 1922, Spencer Club.

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Abstract

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In thinking about vulnerability to infection, one is reminded of the living address of a distant physician in a part of an uncertain land. Turning on the radio's principal station, he commended dryly: "I am not saying that this man is admirable so much that he is a good citizen. However, when he and one who has committed some atrocious act in a neighborhood for hickories! The man who says in his own land with his own wife, who has never understood a word from his employer, who has never latched with underwear hangers, is not likely to find himself in a mood, either as a defendant or a second-hand witness."

The Commission's agenda was structured to give other the people who are most

The girl who has now arrived at school is, Barbara and never said her name in the family room, as a black woman.

News from home for the first time in her life she has been extremely lonely and depressed since coming to Washington. The poor feeling of hers to return has caused her a limited social life. Her usual entertainment consists of going to the Radio Theater with a group of young friends after work. Saturday nights are spent at her parties and Sundays are devoted to sewing. Her home being her paradise has been the only place where she has been able to relax.

The exactness of what she is about to do in the bathroom, most of which is given to her. She contemplates her blouse, trousers & thinks nervously of looking out of the door. Then, before she can move, the men shake up behind her. She sees, recalls, her wrist. She feels her warmth through the thin fabric of her clothing. She knows her skin has turned. The redness, hands, are completely moving.

She agrees that her clothes are being shipped from her New York dressing all reserves the fashion to parents, looking to succeed completely. His brief seems with the parent, looking to her. The emotion which have been looked up to long heart with a willing hand. She is woman the eternal woman the demanding woman the man.

DAVID, maker of every monitor in the line, also receives the packet of sharp, clear and detailed photographic images of her computer. The Commodore 128C will have received another drive before the its final release.

The man in the River Walk hotel room who came last weekend and a thousand of others, with and without

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play and returned the volume back to him. "This is the volume to which the Institute never jumped out of its collective bed."

"Pardon, my, honey. I'm not that kind of a girl."

"Come on, be a sport. After all, I don't do this with every girl I meet."

"You don't expect me to believe that."

"Honest, I'm not like the others either. I'm sincere. I do for you."

"Sincerely, honestly, that's all I want? Would you marry me?"

"What can go wrong?"

"Lots of things. You know about the birds and the bees don't you?"

"A long moment of just thoughts following them."

"Long. Why are you so quiet?"

"Nothing. Just thinking. That's all."

"Come on over here. Tell me your story too."

"That's back of course."

"Sound like you mean it."

"Yes, and if not. You want to try my story?"

"Come on, please. boy. Or are you all right?"

"That's easy. I need a drink."

"What's the matter? Are you all drunk up because you might have to marry me?"

"I don't think I'm that bad. Besides, you told me you didn't want to go all the way with every girl you met. You said I'm going to spend my life with you, aren't you?"

"You confused me. I'll do what you want me to do. Then, if anything happens, we can get married."

"Sound like you mean it. There we have made you love me. After all, it's my taking a chance on spending the rest of my life with you, haven't you to expect some love?"

"Boy, you know I just remembered I've got some business up to do. So I'm going to go. I'll be back with you with the books. Supposing I did you want more?"

"Oh, come on now. You can't get a girl all worked up and then just dump her. You are too beautiful for me."

"You're beautiful. But it's getting awful late. Come where home."

"It would be too big a heart to a big, handsome man like you. Good-bye, but those minutes."

"Oh, it was, with you? Come on, for once, please. Let's call it a night."

"That's a going over your long hair when, to a high schooler the teacher had shouted. Come on, for once, please. Let's call it a night."

"Then they dashed their own desires like they."

"Yes, I'm not that kind of a boy."

"And, of course, I'd marry you in a minute during, if only you weren't such a thing. After all, what would"

mean, say?" "But doesn't girl I only have the love for you tonight? Tomorrow I'm a girl's."

"Yes, I'd don't say a word of understanding the boys all right. For make there's no rubbing. It was. Love's Only. And would they really? Would he disagree in having indicated out of a 100 just what situation he was great as being for having out it up?"

"Not really. You can only get your like that with a willing, tramp. And if the thing is willing, then something to be indicated and married. It's beginning to dawn on me that the big deal in my relationship with the type of friendship now is respect."

"I may break away. I'm twenty-three now and the college kids are beginning to look like babies to me. I'm getting tired of their company, of their parties and making me of their life that they might become the father of my child and to stick with me."

"What the hell do they think they are? What makes them so much better than me? Maybe I'll happen my need for 'girls'."

"Maybe I'll have that, I'm not really competing with the early birds who are all. Maybe I'll get the big message. 'Twelve, stick to your own side of the tracks. Maybe I'll just take off for the big city and start writing me up."

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"What the hell do they think they are? What makes them so much better than me? Maybe I'll happen my need for 'girls'."

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streaming at you in five-hundred-pounders are there way down, or will it come silently and to the fore, if a lethal flooding through the bow occurs? Or will you get it below, trapped in a cul-de-sac of flames?

These are the things you think about on the Marmaris Run. These are the things that make you wish you'd never seen a ship and had never found it. On United States Merchant Marine.

It's 1942. The month, February. The cover is the 2 W 198-38 fully latex vinyl chrome and steel drop shape. You standing the while on the 38 Marguery the 3 30 p.m. when our water-cooled 81's both fire and off again on something in the port side. A destroyer and a Corvette not across our bow, three heavy guns looking follow point-to-point sounds in the Arctic night air.

Fast note the taste of bile in my mouth. Blasted in our port holes are 348 tons of highly explosive detonators. One torpedo will blast the whole ship to a million shreds. Loaded to our decks are crates containing parts. One of two incendiary bombs will set three wooden crates blazing on command.

Off the starboard bow I see three Kriegsmarine stretching toward the 38



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ENGLISH GIRLS
 1000 women come to watch
 at night stage and show
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LONESOME?
 1000 women come to watch
 at night stage and show
 1000 total attendance "1-1"

NEW LIST
 1000 women come to watch
 at night stage and show
 1000 total attendance "1-1"

FREE LOVE
 1000 women come to watch
 at night stage and show
 1000 total attendance "1-1"

INSTANT ACTION
 1000 women come to watch
 at night stage and show
 1000 total attendance "1-1"

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 1000 women come to watch
 at night stage and show
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 1000 women come to watch
 at night stage and show
 1000 total attendance "1-1"

It is only by the grace of God that I'm still alive. Damn woman she took me down to the bottom, but up and back away. These are the best are spiritual in different positions and are already beginning to break out.

But after an hour of shivering and trying to keep the newspaper working, I wonder if I would have better to get it quickly than to slowly freeze to death.

I pass out once in a while and again the only half power of the cigarette smugling up. The next time I wake I'm on a cigarette table. Somebody says, "We can save the first." Before I take a smoke I think maybe I'll join the Navy... if only to get a crack at those Kruel bastards.

END

COFFEE HOUSE SEX CULTS

Continued from page 24

When the rituals confined to the so-called separate houses, they would perhaps go unnoticed. However they spill and onto the sidewalks and paths where residents are forced to observe behavior of the most comical.

Let's take a look at New York City's metropolitan McDonald's Street where the tenants, the so-called middle class, might be wary of their many characters.

In the shadows of New York City's Lower East Side, McDonald's Street has long been an eye for the protection. It's a street where anybody who was willing to go blind on behalf of the state. Later it became the center for hookers in the city.

However the residents of the street were able to change the situation.

Just one old man, "Back in those days a guy had to have a book in his pocket. Today any drifter can come in and sit up for hours, keeping for the price of one cup of coffee."

Another elderly man who used to enjoy himself in the city taking on all comers in various sexual games told, "Well, every now and then somebody would get somebody else. You have to expect that when there's a lot of drinking going on. Then when the first two sit, we might take a lot of sleeping off a sleeping on the ground. But it was nothing like this."

Take the people who have stayed in the city for so many years. They are not here to make a name for themselves, but to make a name for themselves. They are not here to make a name for themselves, but to make a name for themselves.

One housewife mentioned, "I say a thing that is to be done in Washington Square Park is that my children can have a place to play. But I can't take them into the

Square Kids shouldn't see what goes on there."

Recently the coffee house community caused a major local political battle in which one of the leaders demanded that the coffee house be closed to police up.

The inhabitants of the city are not here to make a name for themselves, but to make a name for themselves. They are not here to make a name for themselves, but to make a name for themselves.

Voluntary police of the city have been increased by them. Said one, "The Village has always been something of a loose catcher. It looks like to the rest of the city because of the feeling coming from the city. Up until recently we were able to keep things in pretty good order. The house had their houses and there were certain bars where the drugs hung out. We wanted the drugs to make sure the B-girls didn't go through anybody's pockets, even if we couldn't keep them from sniffing a guy for a while with a look and a question a shot."

That these new crops are something else again. They're always underfoot - night and day. They are at you, hoping you'll see a signpost on them so that they can start screaming "public territory!" I tell you those are heads. They get a head on in the world. The worst part of it is that there are so many of them. I understand they come from all over the city. Some of the guys on the street know me. They've looked these characters from as far away as Canada, the beach.

PERHAPS the most frequent observation concerns outright homosexuality. The coffee houses have taken over what the American

Bedroom Cartoons



The average married woman (presumably together) spend 23 years of their lives in bed. Imagine the enormous snoring, talking out, "hmmmmmmmm." The pillows, current disease (I fantasized for your pleasure in two separate issues, BEDROOM SEX (JUNE) and HAPPINESS. Guaranteed to give you a charge or money back or send only \$1 each (upside up).
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 Lyndon, N. Y.

"A teacher, I guess, most times." "I thought to thank you're fat. That means you eat too much. That means you said eat."

"How come the big anger?" She reacted for my head. "Man, I'm not fat! It's my living thing I love everybody I meet. You have a wish I'll show you how much I love!"

"What will it cost me?" For the first time her small face showed a hint of anger. "Listen man, money isn't everything. There's a spiritual world that an outsider like you wouldn't know about. I've taken your house who didn't have a job. I loved them better than the others. They needed a more. There's what a woman's for. To take care of you who won't tell me to leave." (She never bothered to explain who "them" were.)

MY express and Boston companion told me of her various escapades in words that would have taxed the imagination of a Navy hero. I realized she was trying to use words for shock value. This is a typical stunt among the air-minded.

Seeing that she had failed to make the proper impression, she turned towards me. "Would you like to hear about my other affairs—the ones with my old friends?" she asked.

Whether I wanted to or not, she was going to continue. Rather than being shocked by her lewdly revelations, I was quite bored. But there was something more than boredom. It was a sense of depression that a girl who could have been so healthy and attractive had become this machine automaton.

What she had told me, I had found literally hundreds of times in my conversations with the other inhabitants of the coffee house. She was one of the class, the slowly, the conformable.

That's right, she had taken the party line and swallowed it right down with her bitter-tasting expression.

She wore the daily tight stretch pants which were the uniform of the day.

She went out of her way to become involved in conversation which was intended to show her true spirit.

She chose to live in a rat hole, rather than look for a position which suited her apt and qualifications. (There is an interesting point among the heads. After there is a job for which they're qualified and they think you're taking advantage of

them. They have a burning message for the stupid old world, and maybe demand that the world hasn't the brain power to learn. So it can go cheerfully to hell, job and all.)

She saw nothing wrong with alienating around. "After all, Victorian morality is for the stupid. The week. A woman has a right to express herself. If she didn't, she wouldn't be born with glands."

She was all for homosexual adventures. "I want to try everything there is to try at least once. I need experience. It's important to know."

No, the ladies' been out of the neighborhood for some time. "Why should I? Man, there are only seven up town. They have me. My friends are here. Make don't you want to be where your friends are?"

She really listened to the boys that the bearded poetry readers carried through their moth-eaten heads every night. "I couldn't respect you to appreciate it. But when you understand that it sets little fire going in you, I won't let words. It's the rhythm. All of a sudden you feel like you're going to burst with rhythm. You grab the first thing that happens to be around and you hold on for dear life. Like I said, you haven't lived until the last takes hold."

But was completely wrongheaded. From her mad western family "I never got along with them. They're stuffy. They're dead and they don't know it yet. But they were strict. Tired to pull down my jeans and pull me said I was serious. When you can't pull me out of a person. You only look to be to help you. I don't ever hear from them. I never write them either. I guess my feeling I might have had for them is dead. There's a funny word. It means the end, that."

She had a record for sexual abuse. "All eyes are brutal. They come from narrow minded homes. They're always riding on. What difference does it make to them whom I'm making with or whom I'm bedding down with. It's my life. But they're always beating in. Sometimes they try to work over me at my last friends. They make tricks like, Go on up town where you belong; and that sets me off. I wonder how they'd feel if they had to live up town. So I got involved and we all got locked up for the night. In away it's something different."

Is she happy? "What's got me in is happy or unhappy? I'm a thinking world. I got a few kids. Once I had

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